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KEEP STRAIGHT.

Keep straight on to the gate
That leads the way to the things
which pay.
Sooner or later you'll master fate
If your heart stays right
And your code keeps white.
Isn't it great
To grasp success and not con-
fess you're one whit less
In self-respect—that nothing's
wrecked
Which men count high? That
you didn't buy with trick
or lie—
Nor stoop to cheat?
Better defeat
With honor clean than to have
been a thing obscene
For money's sake.
When you can take your first
ideals up and scan
Them one by one—when all is
done—
And find them without mar or
hurt,
Unsmirched by greed and clean
of dirt,
Then you're some man.
—Herbert Kauffman.

STAY IN EDEN.

In an editorial regarding the sub-
ject of irrigation in Umatilla county
the Oregon Daily Journal said:
"Irrigation now in operation, as-
sured, or projected, may easily make
Umatilla county the second in Ore-
gon within a few years—unless, in-
deed, other counties can do as much
like work, and from the present out-
look none can, though great develop-
ment of and by irrigation will occur
in Union, Baker, Jackson and per-
haps some other counties.

"The news columns have told and
will tell sufficiently for information,
of these Umatilla projects, but what
they mean in results, what their full
significance is, the volume and na-
ture of the development they portend,
are matters for reflection, exposition
and discussion.

"One of these Umatilla projects,
the greatest, is the government's,
one of the largest it has undertaken,
and this is now getting into opera-
tion. But there are several private
enterprises of no small proportions
in the same portion of the county, and
when all these are brought fully into
action, western Umatilla county, where
not very many years ago only a few
stockraisers dwelt along the river and
the creeks, will be populated by many
thousands. Along the Walla Walla
river in the northeastern portion of
the county, much irrigation develop-
ment, though on a smaller and more
individual scale, is being carried on,
and is increasing rapidly.

"Besides, the East Oregonian pre-
dicts that before many years the great
wheat farms, profitable as they are,
will be broken up into small farms,
which can be made much more profit-
able still by intensive farming, with-
out irrigation.

"Umatilla county—and it is a type
in this respect of portions of some
other counties—is entering on the
third stage of its development. First,
the stockraisers; second, the wheat-
growers; third, what is now only
fairly beginning; farmers of a dif-
ferent type: horticulturalists, largely
berry growers, specialists, scientific
farmers, those who raise many things
and without exhausting the soil get
from every acre all it will produce."

Yet while all of this is true; while
the county is just starting upon the
period of real development and land
is yet advancing in value rapidly,
some are leaving this county for
northwest Canada. It is ridiculous.

CRAZY SNAKE'S LAPSE.

Like a chapter from the past reads
the story of Crazy Snake and his fol-
lowers who have been making trou-
ble in Oklahoma. Years ago such
things as Indian outbreaks were com-
mon and the uprisings were not al-
ways put down in a day by a few

companies of guardsmen and deputy
sheriffs.

Twenty years ago Sitting Bull, Ge-
ronimo and Chief Joseph were well
known to the American reading pub-
lic. When these men were on the
war path they made the white men
take notice.

But the day of the war bonnet and
tomahawk has passed. They are now
brought into use only upon holidays
or else are relegated to the ignominy
of curio corners. The average In-
dian has forsaken his tepee for a
house and the land that has been al-
lotted to him by the government he
benevolently leases to some white
farmer.

But it is not surprising the occa-
sionally a few Indians break loose as
Crazy Snake and his followers have
done. Civilization is not their natural
state. Behind them lie centuries of
savagery. It is only natural that once
in a while there should be a lapse in-
to barbarism.

But under the circumstances such
lapses are bound to be fatal to the
Indian. He is now too greatly out-
numbered and the white man has
guns that shoot very fast. At Fort
Walla Walla there is a machine gun
platoon that could mow down a tribe
of Indians in five minutes. Under
these conditions it is well for the In-
dians to remain civilized.

FORTUNE'S WAY.

The death of Governor Cosgrove of
Washington but shows how exasper-
ating fate may sometimes be. For 20
years Samuel G. Cosgrove had aspired
to the governorship. Many times
in the past he thought the prize
within his grasp, but each time he
failed to reach it. When he finally
attained the goal he found himself
marked by Death and unable to en-
joy the fruits of his victory.

In striking contrast to this has been
the fortune of Lieutenant Governor
Hay, who now takes the gubernatorial
title. Mr. Hay had devoted his
life to business and seemingly had
scarcely thought of politics. He had
never held an office other than that
of school director and when he ran
for lieutenant governor did not dream
of attaining the governorship. That
honor is now his without the seek-
ing.

Fortune's smile is not always for
the ardent, persistent wooer. Some-
times it falls upon one who has never
courted her nor cared greatly for the
favor of the fickle goddess.

In Illinois where the people ex-
pressed their choice for United States
senator but did not require legislators
to pledge themselves to vote for the
popular choice the senatorial dead-
lock is still on. How much better it
would be for that state if it had a
statement legislature as did Oregon.

The move for a larger and stronger
publicity bureau is one that deserves
the support of every man who wants
to bring new people into this county.
Every section of the county should
help in raising the fund that is need-
ed.

The baseball season is on and the
sporting page will take on a new in-
terest. When the Butte league team
comes here for early training the lo-
cal fans will be in clover.

Within a few days Pendleton will
have a real public library, located in
a room that will be accessible to all
and presided over by a trained li-
brarian.

Now keep the streets and premises
clean.

MAKING BEAUTY A CRIME.

Is it a crime for a woman to be
beautiful? That depends, according
to a Georgia legislator, upon whether
the beauty is natural or acquired.
This gallant southerner, a writer in
"Success Magazine" declares, has no
fault to find with women who are
born beautiful, but he cannot speak
calmly of those who achieve beauty
or whose beauty is thrust upon them
at the corner drug store.

The bill which the honorable mem-
ber has introduced into the legisla-
ture provides that if any woman shall
knowingly and with malice afore-
thought betray or permit to be bet-
rayed into matrimony any unsuspect-
ing Georgian, by means of scents,
paints, powders, perfumes, cosmetics,
waters, artificial teeth or hair, or any
other aids to beauty of face or fig-
ure, the marriage may be declared
null and void.

It seems unlikely that a legislative
body of chivalrous southern gentlemen
will pass such an uncomplimentary
act. This law would be a fatal ad-
mission that the much sonnetized and
balladized beauty of the southern wo-
men is somewhat less than skin deep.
But even if it should pass in Geor-
gia, it is not likely to become a gen-
eral movement. As a nation we should
not care to see our women labeled
with guarantees under a pure food
and drug act. We who are so proud
of our self-made men are not likely
to discriminate unfairly against our
self-made women.

As men get nearer to God they find
it easier to get along together.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the
sweetest things.
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest
springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a life-time's love
in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but
for fresher power,
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wea-
ried wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heav-
enly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the
discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God
sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak
regret
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we
forget
Went with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous
selves set free
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would
have us be,
If we had but a day.
—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

I know a man whose face is long,
He never laughs or sings a song—
His name is Hope.

I know a man so grim and cross
For happiness he's at a loss—
His name is Smiles.

I know a man who couldn't tell
What year it was that Carthage
fell—
His name was Wise.

I know a man who mops his brow
And says, "Good Lord, it's sizzling
now!"
His name is Snow.

I know a man who's always blue,
No matter what he tries to do—
His name is Brown.

I know a man who vows that he
Will never, never happy be—
His name is Bliss.

I know a man who's very high
And people praise him passing by—
His name is Lowe.

I know a man who drags his feet
And seems too blooming tired to
eat—
His name is Swift.

—Selected.

YOU AND I.

Not all the lore that was learned by
the sages
And wise men of the years gone
by—
Not all the logic that men of past
ages
Drew down from the stars and the
sky
Makes the magic together in all winds
and weather
Like just the two words—you and I.

Not all the sweets that summers have
taken
From garden and close and lea—
Not all the blossoms of June breezes
have shaken
On the years ago and to be
Held half the sweetness in all love's
completeness
Of the tale your lips told to me.

Not all the bells that love has set
singing
Bride-bells under skies so blue—
Not all the songs that lovers went
singing
Since ever the world was new
Tell half the gladness—so deep it's
near sadness—
That sings in my heart to you,
—Edna S. Valentine, in Smart Set.

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That sings in my heart to you,
—Edna S. Valentine, in Smart Set.

Women as Well as Men are Made Miserable
by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind,
discourages and lessens ambition; beauty,
vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear
when the kidneys are
out of order or dis-
eased.

Kidney trouble has
become so prevalent
that it is not uncom-
mon for a child to be
born afflicted with
weak kidneys. If the
child urinates too often, if the urine scalds
the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an
age when it should be able to control the
passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wet-
ting, depend upon it, the cause of the diffi-
culty is kidney trouble, and the first
step should be towards the treatment of
these important organs. This unpleasant
trouble is due to a diseased condition of
the kidneys and bladder and not to a
habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miser-
able with kidney and bladder trouble,
and both need the same great remedy.
The mild and the immediate effect of
Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold
by druggists, in fifty-
cent and one-dollar
size bottles. You may
have a sample bottle
by mail free, also a
pamphlet telling all
about Swamp-Root,
including many of the thousands of testi-
monial letters received from sufferers
who found Swamp-Root to be just the
remedy needed. In writing Dr. Kilmer
& Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and
mention this paper. Don't make any
mistake, but remember the name, Dr.
Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address,
Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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of Pendleton, Umatilla Indian Reservation.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

THEY TOOK HIS ADVICE.

The New York dry goods firm of
Blumstein & Rosenberg had a travel-
ing salesman named Richards. Rich-
ards was a good salesman, and when
sober a genial fellow. Once, how-
ever, after an unusually successful
trip he indulged in an unusually suc-
cessful celebration, and ended by go-
ing to sleep in the public office of the
company.

"Get up," said Mr. Rosenberg,
shaking him violently.

"Rosey, go jump on yourself," said
his sleepy employee.

The senior partner tried it next and
was rewarded with the words:
"Blumstein, you go to thunder."

The firm held an indignant meet-
ing, decided to dispense with Rich-
ards' services, and asked the book-
keeper what they owed this erring
salesman.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," he re-
ported. "Richards has sold sixty
thousand dollars' worth of goods in
the past three months."

The partners looked at each other
in silence.

"Rosey," said the senior partner,
"you go and clump on yourself. I'm
going to thunder."—Success.

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

"Cheerfulness," says Ruskin, "is as
natural to the heart of man in strong
health as glow to his cheek, and
wherever there is habitual gloom,
they must be either bad air, unwhol-
esome food, improperly severe labor,
or erring habits of life."

If children were taught that one of
the greatest life duties is to unfold
the fun-loving side of their nature,
the humorous side, there would not
be so many suicides, so many unhap-

py, discordant, miserable people, so
many failures in the world.

Why shouldn't we develop the hu-
mor faculty, the fun-loving faculty,
just as much as the bread-earning or
any other faculty?

Why should we think it is so very
necessary to spend years in going to
school and college to develop other
mental faculties, and yet take practi-
cally no pains whatever to develop the
humorous, the fun-loving side of our
nature?

If Ivory Soap sold for
a dollar, instead of less
than a cent, an ounce, it
would be no better, no
purer than it is.

There is no "free" al-
kali in Ivory Soap; no
harmful ingredient of
any kind.

It is pure soap—noth-
ing else.

Ivory Soap

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Read the East Oregonian.

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record of a quarter of a century.

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Portland, Oregon, Jan. 21, 1909

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Bondholders of the Realty Associates to date is 9.74 per
cent per annum.

(Signed) W. R. McKenzie, (Signed) A. C. Emmons
Auditor. Secretary.

[SEAL]

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